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The community rise at one o'clock in the morning, winter and summer; the choir brothers then begin their devotions, and continue in the chapel till nine o'clock, when each goes to some manual labour in the garden, on the roads, or in the grounds, (about 100 acres,) till eleven, when there is a short service, which lasts half an hour, then to labour again till half past one, when they return to prayers for half an hour, and are again summoned to their frugal meal; they then retire to meditate till the day is nearly over, and retire to their dormitories at eight o'clock, having spent the whole day in abstinence, mortification, labour, silence, and prayers, and every succeeding day like the former, continually hastening to the grave that is open. They abstain wholly from meat, fish, and fowl; and, during Lent, from butter, milk, eggs, and cheese: but they seem perfectly content. They observe perpetual silence, scarcely ever look at each other, and never speak but to their prior, and that on urgent occasions; they never wander from their convent without permission of their superior, and go each morning cheerfully to such work as they are directed to perform.

MARY CARR,

OR THE ABDUCTION AND RESCUE.

Is there a human form, that bears a heart—

A wretch! a villain! lost to love and truth!

That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,

Betray a maiden's unsuspecting youth?—BURNS.

The brilliant sun of a fine morning in August was beaming into a cabin that stood on the side of a retired road. A pole stuck in the thatch, from which depended a rusty horse shoe, indicated the trade of the owner; and in a small hole, intended to represent a window, a fractured jug and footless glass, as plainly as hieroglyphics could do, told that the weary traveller, or determined sot, might be accommodated with mountain dew—in plain language, poteen whiskey.

On this morning the smithy exhibited, in a more than usual degree, the want of regularity. There had been some merry-making in the neighbourhood, at which the heads of the house spent the previous night, and every thing, to use a common phrase, was through other. The master of the house had, after a short sleep in his clothes, arisen, and since that more than once paid a visit to the public store of his prudent wife. Some young men, who had been of the night party, dropped in; spirits were called for, as the prelude to a regular drinking bout, when the tramp of a horse was heard, and a loud call, "Is there any one widin," brought the smith to the door.

A man on horseback, with a female seated on a pillion behind him, required to have a shoe made for his horse, who stripped one, and, in consequence, was lame. But the smith had no coals, therefore how could he make a shoe. The man said he must proceed on his journey, when Vulcan, in a voice rendered almost inarticulate by intoxication, declared, "that the poor baste would be entirely knocked up afore they had thravelled a mile iv ground."

"No help for that same," replied the other; "sure I I can't be stanin' here all day wid a finger in my mouth—I must be goin' to the next smith."

"Faix, an' ye'll have a long ride," said one of the men from within.

"Is id far off?" asked the equestrian.

"Far off!" growled the smith—"sorra dacent workman, barrin' myself, widin tin mile iv ye."

"Well, I must only put up wid a botch," said the other.

"Sure, iv I had a handful iv coals, the ne'r a minit I'd be makin' a beautiful new shoe," returned the smith.

"That's live horse an' ye'll get grass," muttered the horseman—"but where could ye get coals?"

"Hooh, isn't there lashins an' lavins iv coals in the town there beyant," replied Vulcan, staggering towards the horse.

"Musha, and what news ye tell the dacent man, ye drunken brute," exclaimed the mistress of the smithy, rushing out and giving her good man a push towards the door; "go long into the house, doesn't himself know there's plenty iv every goodness in that place, but that wont

put a shoe on his cliver baste, God bless id, an' sind him safe over his journey. Ye dirty omodhaun, (fool,) ye couldn't think iv sendin' to them that stud yer frind many's the time, and when ye wor on the shaughran.* God look down on me this day, but I'm in a poor way wid ye." Then elevating her voice to a higher key, added, "here, Judy Casey, cum here, acushla—slip over to the still-house, an' Fardy 'ill give ye as much coal-turf as 'll make a shoe for this honest man's baste."

The appearance of the horseman did not warrant her using the epithet gentleman, and she was obliged to pause literally for lack of breath. Judy Casey, a bare-legged, half-clad girl, with staring fiery looks, emerged from the cabin, and set off across the fields in a sling trot, but had not gone many yards when the mistress halloed after her not to be a minute away, and then begged the equestrians would alight until a shoe could be made.

The man appeared fatigued, and, besides, the cravings of appetite began to annoy him; he, therefore, gladly availed himself of the opportunity to rest—but, previous to alighting, he said, in the Irish language, to those assembled at the door, that the young girl behind him had run away from her parents; he was now bringing her back, and that they should not mind any thing she might say to the contrary.

This was sufficient to attract all eyes to the female, and the young men of the party openly expressed their admiration, exclaiming, "Nough gan nule a colleen ee"—(is she not a handsome girl?) Her conductor, who liked not these expressions, replied, in the same language, to this effect—"handsome is that handsome does;" and Mrs. Vulcan added her mite, saying, "daughters were ever a trouble to their parents," as she led the girl to a little gloomy space, partitioned off the kitchen, dignified by the title of the room. The man, knowing he should have to wait some time, enquired whether he could have breakfast, adding—"Faix, thravellin' in a raw mornin' 's a hungry thing."

"Sorra doubt," replied an old woman, who sat smoking in the corner: "maybe ye'd take a blast iv the pipe, it'll draw the win' (wind) aff yer stomach."

"It's little goodness in one house wid me," said the smith—"but, any way, ye'll be welcome to share iv what we have."

"God look down on the poor, it's little they have in this world at all," rejoined the old woman.

"Thruve fur ye," said the horseman—"the poor is hard crished—God reward them that laves them so."

"Och, amin!" was the response of the woman.

"The times is bad enough, to be shure," said a fine intelligent looking young man, who was leaning against the wall, "but there never was a time, iv one was willin' to work, that he wouldn't be able to keep himself above want, an' iv they don't work they have no one to blame."

"Work!" repeated the equestrian, contemptuously—"many's the man lives well an' doesn't do a turn iv work."

"Nera one says agin that," replied the young man, who was called Willy Dolan, "but them is gintlemen."

"No, sorra bit—no more nor yerself."

"Then, barrin' they robbed or stole," said Willy Dolan, "what way could they do it, an' then shure it's hung they'd be."

"There's many's the way iv makin' money widout workin' or robbin' either," said the horseman.

"Bethershin (maybe so)," replied Willy, "but ne'r a one iv them can be honest ways, afther all."

"Be gaura, Willy, it's a murder yer mother didn't make a priest or a counsellare iv ye—sure enough ye'd be a great one," remarked the smith.

"Musha, then, Willy," said the old woman, "but I wondher at ye—what do ye know, that never was tin mile from home, comparin' wid this honest man."

"Every one can tell honesty from rognery, Nelly," replied the young man, "an' it would be well for the world iv every one like us was content to earn his bread in honesty, an' not be lookin' for it in any other way. I say that man 's a rogue in his heart that would advise a poor

pooy to tne contreary," and looking defiance at the stranger, he left the house.

"Monam ayeah, but Willy Dolan's grand the day—any way, it is a fine thing to have the larnin'," was the remark of the mistress, as she bustled about preparing the breakfast.

James Carr was what is called a man well to do in the world; he held a large farm, and was competent to manage it. He had married early in life, and when in more humble circumstances, a person superior to himself in birth and education, who, nevertheless, made an excellent wife, and brought up their only child, a daughter, much better than girls in her rank usually are brought up. Mary Carr was, indeed, deserving of the admiration she excited in all who beheld her; a very beautiful and modest girl—the delight of her parents and neighbours.

James Carr's landlord was an absentee, and when Mary was about seventeen his son came to the country to transact some business. He saw Mary, and was charmed by her extreme beauty; he went frequently to her father's, and, on conversing with her, found, that though very diffident, she was superior to her young companions. He became much attached to her, and sought every opportunity of explaining his sentiments, but Mary never remained an instant alone with him. He then had recourse to a servant woman of Carr's, whom he bribed liberally to plead his cause, but she was not more successful. Owing to the good instructions of her mother, Mary Carr was well aware that the son of her father's landlord could scarcely be honourable in his intentions to her, and, when pressed by the woman to give him a private meeting, she replied—

"I told you often, Peggy, that it's not right for me to be listening to the like of this—he's not fit for me, nor I for him. What would his father and friends say if they heard it?"

"Hooh, an' what cud they say, an' let them do their best; shure many's the better nor him marret a country girl; an', the heavens may bliss yer purty face, ye're a wife for the fill of his masher. Shure, any way, it's no harum to spake civil to him, God help the poor boy, but he has a sore heart."

But this, and many such speeches, were of no avail. Mary would not see him except in her parents' presence. Peggy, afraid her gains would cease if she gave not the young man some hopes, told many lies; and one night, when Mary was asleep, the wretch cut off a lock of her hair,* and gave it to the lover as if sent by her. Transported by this apparent proof of her affection, he determined to brave the displeasure of his family and marry her. He mentioned this to a confidential man who lived on the property. This man was named Paddy, and the bitter enemy of James Carr. He expressed the greatest surprise and sorrow for what his young master was meditating, saying it would surely break the ould master's heart. He used many arguments to convince the young man that the Carr's were taking him in, and that he might have the girl on easier terms than matrimony. In fact, Paddy worked so much on him, that he consented to give up his honorable intentions, and agreed to a plan, proposed by his adviser, namely, that a horse and pillion should be ready on a certain night, at the end of a wood beyond her father's. "An," added Paddy, "I'll engage to make Peggy decoy her out, ready to thravel—ye'll not appear at all—I'll take her to the place ye know, an' thin I'll warrant she's yer own in spite iv the watch."

It is needless to enter into further particulars—the stratagem was successful, and it was the ruffian Paddy, with Mary Carr strapped round his waist, who arrived at the smith's, in consequence of his horse having stripped a shoe.

The breakfast was ready, and still the girl with the coal-turf did not make her appearance, though the mistress declared she would be back in a minute—it was time enough—the day was long, and the young girl was tired, a trifle of sleep would do her good. But, notwithstanding this, while bustling about, Mrs. Vulcan more than once muttered, "Sorra be in me, Judy Casey, but iv I had a hand on yer lug, I'd put the life in ye." At length

the messenger arrived, and, when taxed with delaying, swore, most vehemently, she did not delay one minute; but the mistress sprung across the floor, and would have laid violent hands on her, did not the bystanders interfere and push Judy out of the house.

Mary Carr was invited to partake of the breakfast, but declined; and when, after many delays, owing to the badness of the fire and the drunkenness of the smith, the shoe was fastened on, she was led to the door by the mistress. Paddy, having already got on horseback, desired the smith to put the girl up behind him. While a chair was bringing out to facilitate her ascent, Mary, with a blanched cheek, and a voice tremulous from excess of agitation, exclaimed—"Ah, for the love of God, good Christians, help—will you see a poor girl dragged from her family by a villain?—oh, you couldn't be Irishmen and stand by to see it done. Help me, and may the great God be on your side in time of need!"

"Hould yer prate," roared Paddy; "don't b'lieve a word she says, boys, it's all lies—put her up behind me."

The smith was about to do so, when Willy Dolan, rushing from the crowd, laid his hand on Vulcan's arm, saying—"Mick Kelly, iv you wish for whole bones, don't put a hand on that girl."

"Why so?" demanded the smith.

"Every why," was the answer.

"I tell you, boys, not to heed her," cried Paddy.

"An' I tell ye, boys," exclaimed Willy Dolan, "that's the liar, and the black villain into the bargain; I tell ye she'll never sit on one horse wid ye while I can handle this," and he flourished a stout shillelah with great dexterity.

"An', wid the help iv God, that wont be long," said Paddy, pulling a pistol out of his bosom, and, ere any person was aware of his intention, firing at Dolan, but, missing the object of his aim, the shot took effect on a young man standing at the extreme edge of the crowd, who, with a loud scream, fell to the ground. For an instant the people appeared as if paralysed, so sudden had been the shot, but they soon rallied.

"Revenge, revenge," shouted Willy Dolan, and in an instant half a dozen cudgels were raised against Paddy, who wisely considered it vain to contend, and, setting off at full gallop, was soon beyond the reach of his enemies.

On hearing the shot Nelly left her place in the corner, and, running up to where the young man was lying, called out that the decent boy was killed, and, clapping her hands, set up the usual cry, in which she was joined by the mistress and Judy Casey.

"Is there any life in him?" asked one of the men.

"Sorra dhrop—he's dead as mutton, an' bleedin' like a pig," replied Nelly.

"Oh, wirra, wirra, what luck my poor cabin had the day," said the hostess; "sorra's name the murderin' ruffian didn't go some other place an' get a shoe made."

"Ye may thank nobody for that but yerself," retorted her husband.

"Don't bother us, ye brute," she continued, "there's throuble enough at our dour; och, och, who'll tell Nanny Gilaspy that her little boy's a stiff corps."

"An' more was the pity," replied Nelly; "lowersha,* it's himself was the clane boy, an' the fine dancer, sorra his equal ever stud on a flure. O, weera deelish, thanks an' praise be to ye, sweet Saver, but it's a little thing knocks the breath out iv a poor sinner, the Lord prepare us for that minit, amin, a chiernah."

"Where did the fire hit him, Nelly, dear?" asked one of the people who were collected in a ring about the fallen man.

"The ne'r a ha'porth myself sees an him," she answered, "only a little cut in the side iv his neck, God bless the mark."

"Why but ye bring him into the house?" said another.

"Maybe ye want us to be mad," answered Nelly; "no one can tich him till the corner (coroner) cums to hould a jury on him."

"Glory be to God," remarked one, "but death's a poor thing. It's little Barney thought this mornin' the minit was so near."

"Thru' fur ye, Pether; no one knows what's afore him in the mornin'; little fear but ids the young id go—there's Lucause bockagh (lame Luke) that'd be no loss, an' shure he wasn't tuk, glory be to ye, sweet Saver," and Nelly gave three distinct knocks on her bare breast with her clenched hand, while with the other she reached a pipe to the girl, adding—"Judy, alanna, run an' put a bit iv a coal in the pipe, the heart is sore widin me."

All this time the smith and his wife were in consultation at the door, she rocking backwards and forwards; at length they seemed to agree, for she called—"Here, Judy Casey, why but ye go in an' ready the house, sorra good ye'll do stanin' there. Ah, boys, dear, isn't it a wondher but one iv ye steps over for Nancy Gilaspy—Lord comfort her sore heart the day. An' shure another of yees ought to run for the corner, an' not let the poor boy, God rest his sowl, be lyin' an' the ground all night."

Having issued all these orders in a breath, she turned to Mary Carr, who had sunk on the chair, almost unconscious of what was passing round her, so much had she been terrified. The hostess came close to her, saying, "Ah, thin, that was an unlucky man that cum a near my poor cabin the day, Lord reward him." Mary enquired whether any person was hurt. "Hurted?" exclaimed Mrs. Vulcan—"hurtud ye say?—faix, there's a dacent mother's son kilt, an' the like never happened at one dour wid me afore."

"Are you quite certain he is killed?" said Mary.

"Seein' 's bleevin'," replied the other, catching Mary's arm, and dragging rather than leading her to where the body lay, surrounded by the people, Nelly smoking and talking vehemently. Mary, on not perceiving Paddy, gained more presence of mind, and said, "Why don't you stop the blood?"

"There's no use in id an' he dead," replied Nelly, with a deriding sneer.

But Mary was not deterred; she prevailed on the smith's wife to get cold water and cloths to stop the blood, Nelly all the while growling, "Don't make a fool of yourself, Hetty, sorra dhrop in him more nor a stone."

On cleansing the wound it appeared little more than a scratch. They bathed his face plentifully with cold water, and raised his head to the air; still Nelly said—"Let to yer nonsense, the boy's kilt out and out, he'll never stan' on the green grass agin."

However, in a short time, to Nelly's utter amazement, the young man was restored to animation, and was walking towards the house, when his mother rushed up, like a person deranged, followed by men, women, and children. The young man was not injured; the ball slightly grazed his neck, the shock of which, and extreme terror, deprived him of animation. Many were the exclamations of the crowd on Mary's cleverness, and Nelly was loudest in accusing him of being so weak as to be killed by such a trifle.

When Willy Dolan had left the house, as before mentioned, he went to where the aperture that gave light to the room opened. In fact, he was smitten by the beauty of Mary, and thought, "iv she run away afore, maybe she'll cum wid me." Mary was leaning with her face at the window, and in tears; she was almost in despair, and did not move on seeing him. He said—"Don't cry, Miss, don't be afeard, yer people wont be angry now yer goin' back agin."

"My people!" exclaimed Mary. "What do you mean?"

"Spake asy," said Dolan—"arn't ye goin' back to yer frinds, ather runnin' away from them?—but never heed, ye're not the first that done the like, an' no one 'll cast it up to ye."

"And is this the story the villain invented to destroy me," cried Mary; and in a few words she gave an account of the real state of the case. Such is the force of truth, and perhaps coming with more force from the lips of a beautiful girl, that Dolan gave implicit credit to every word, and exclaimed—"Well, well, the thief iv the world, I knew he wasn't good—he'll pay for this," then, after a short pause, he added, "Iv ye'll depind on me, Miss, I'll do my best to help ye."

"There's something in your face that tells me you will

not deceive a poor girl; I will depind upon you, and may God reward you as you deal with me. Only I trusted in God I wouldn't be able to speak to you now, praise to him, he helped me to go through last night."

"May I never sin, iv I could desave any girl, an' ye above all the world," in saying so Willy Dolan's fine face was lighted up with a glow of honest affection; he continued, "When they want to put ye up behind the villen agin, go quitely (quietly) to the dour, ax the boys to help ye, an' lave the rest to me; I must be goin' now." He then went among the young men, and put them up to the rescue, which, as has been seen, was happily effected.

We are limited, and therefore cannot dwell much longer on the affairs of the interesting Mary Carr. It was determined she should proceed back to her parents, accompanied by Willy Dolan, of whom Mrs. Vulcan said—"An' ye needn't be afeard, dear, to go wid Willy Dolan, sorra quiter nor dacent boy in the country, for discreetness an' modesty."

However, before the horse could be got, Mary was overjoyed by the appearance of her father and some of his neighbours. Peggy, on seeing the distraction of Mary's parents when she was missed, repented, and acknowledged her share in the transaction. In consequence, a pursuit was instituted, and, happening to take the same road, they intercepted Paddy in his flight from the smith's, which led to the discovery of Mary.

Paddy was tried at the assizes, and punished for his part in the abduction of Mary Carr; and, in the end, she was married to Willy Dolan. W.

SEAL OF ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, DUBLIN.



The above is an exact representation of the Seal of the chapter of the cathedral church of Saint Patrick's, Dublin. It is the size of the original seal, and a correct copy; the device appears to be taken from the barren fig tree; in the upper part are the royal arms, France and England, quarterly—the date 1574, and the badges of the house of Tudor—the rose and portcullis; the base is occupied by the bust of a bishop placed in a tabernacle or pulpit, on the dexter an escutcheon, containing, per pale, a saint or bishop and a plain cross, probably the ancient arms of the cathedral; and on the sinister side, the arms of the bishopric of Dublin, impaled with those of the then bishop: on a scroll encircling the